

NASHOTAH  
HOUSE  
QUARTERLY  
REVIEW



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 3

# NASHOTAH HOUSE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## Response to the Nashotah Quarterly Review:

We are most heartened by the many letters we have received concerning the new Nashotah Quarterly Review. To date we have received contributions from 47 alumni and 50 non-alumni and friends. We would like to have printed the names of all these but they are too numerous, therefore we thank you collectively for your support and interest.

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## Editorial Staff:

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# The Dean's Letter

Dear Friends:

The decanal face and the editorial face are extremely red. We hope that most of our readers have not noticed the mistakes in the table of contents printed at the beginning of the fall number. We regret these errors very much and have threatened the printers with extermination if they are guilty of comparable carelessness in the future. We should also like to append a footnote to the first sentence of Father Ross' admirable article on "Spiritual Direction." He was of course not the first Whitman lecturer. Speaking of Whitman lecturers, it would be tremendously advantageous to the House to have larger funds at its disposal in the Whitman Foundation. Surely some of Father Whitman's innumerable admirers will come to our aid.

Although there was a rise of several thousand dollars in last year's Theological Education Offering we are not doing so well as we should. I hope that our alumni will make full use of the Embertide Offering envelopes and by this and other means keep the needs of theological education constantly before their people. We should all try to match the performance of one of our southern alumni who raised \$1 per parishioner for the University of the South as he was bound to do, and then raised \$1 per parishioner for Nashotah House.

This alumnus writes, "We have put Nashotah House in our budget for \$1 per communicant each year." Can we not all do the same?

We hope you like the new periodical. Let us have your comments and your news.

Affectionately yours,  
WALTER C. KLEIN

P.S. Another correction: (Catalogue, p. 2) St Michael and All Angels (not Thanksgiving) is still the traditional Opening Day.





# Mr. Hackman's Pathetic Passion

THE VERY REV. WALTER C. KLEIN

On Wednesday, April 7, 1779, presumably some minutes after eleven at night, as Miss Martha Ray (some spell it Reay) was leaving Covent Garden Theatre in London, James Hackman unexpectedly, noisily, and untidily shot her dead. The impulsive crime immediately captured, and at least for the next fortnight firmly held, the interest and imagination of the English public. For one thing, the murder, which had in common with virtually all other murders the circumstance that it was wholly unforeseen by the victim, was almost in the same degree a surprise to the murderer. For another, Mr. Hackman took no pains to obtain the privacy in which murderers normally prefer to act. Although the attack was not made in broad daylight, Miss Ray met her death before the eyes of a dense after-theatre crowd and at no great distance from the lights of one of the most brilliantly illuminated spots in nighttime London. In the third place, Miss Ray was intimately, if irregularly, associated with a person of prominence, influence, and durability in the political and social circles of the day. For years she had been the cherished and applauded mistress of Lord Sandwich, whose trick of putting a slice of meat between two slices of bread has preserved his name in the form of a common noun and placed it among the few indispensable words in our language. A fourth point of distinction is the calling to which the assassin had dedicated himself only a matter of weeks before that regrettable night. He was a priest of the Church of England, freshly ordained and newly inducted into his first living. In the 1770's English society expected little of its clergymen, but the latitude it gave them

did not extend to murder. Mr. Hackman had plainly gone too far, even for that uninhibited age. Indeed, an outraged minority, dissenting from the general sympathy, found ordinary hanging too mild a punishment for him and declared, even after the hangman had given a last gratuitous twist of cruelty to his execution, "that Mr. Hackman ought to have been tortured out of life by inches for shooting Miss Reay." It is therefore not altogether easy to explain why so many people pitied him more than they despised him.

An investigator searching for the roots of this extraordinary compassion will recall at once the murderer's transparent sorrow for the woman he had killed. The documents are unanimous in their commendation of Hackman's bearing from his arrest to his execution. It was not mere nerve that sustained him. He stood up to the court and the gallows with the self-command of a man who had condemned himself so severely that he disarmed the public, compelling it, by his candor, to blame him less than he had blamed himself. Beyond any question, Hackman's absolute acknowledgment of guilt counted heavily in his favor. Nobody ventured to justify the murder, but generous things were said about the murderer. For a short time it was smart to speak gently of the dishonored clergyman. The snooping Dr. Warner, himself a priest, seems to have echoed the verdict of the drawing rooms in the report he dispatched to George Selwyn on the day after the execution: "Mr. Hackman's behavior was glorious yesterday." England could forgive a disgraced parson who knew how to die like a gentleman.

Moreover, the crime was patently unpremeditated. The court was dealing, not with a calculating killer, but with an undisciplined young man who had lost his head under the pressure of extreme emotion. Since the defendant asked for no clemency and did not cease to abhor himself, his contemporaries were ready to believe him when he said, "A momentary phrenzy overcame me." Poor Mr. Hackman! It was the naked and terrifying truth, quietly spoken with an unstudied honesty that convinced even the cynical. An excess of feeling might be the undoing of any man, and the frustrated lovers among the thousands who followed the case could very easily imagine themselves in Mr. Hackman's situation.



Beyond these two considerations lies a third. It was art as much as nature that lent energy to the romantic imagination. This, let us recollect, is the decade in which Goethe's *Die Leiden des jungen Werther* was found less often on library shelves than in the fair laps or on the elegant knees of those who read, reread, and interminably discussed it. From a certain angle of vision Hackman had something of Werther's quality. At any rate, the resemblance was close enough to contribute to the posthumous restoration of the murderer's respectability, which, though now of no interest to him, was a matter of affectionate concern to his family, who, besides, were not totally unmindful of their own reputation. An enterprising writer, Mr. (later the Reverend, and still later Sir) Herbert Croft, working, in the judgment of the best critics, with no more than a nucleus of authentic material, hastened into print with his *Love and Madness: A Story Too True, in a series of letters between parties, whose names would perhaps be mentioned, were they less known, or less lamented*, a Wertherian novel based on the murder. He composed, not the heroic tale he intended, but rather a loose-jointed piece of pornography containing, in addition to a vast deal of erotic chatter, at least one experiment in verse that scandalized his far from prudish coevals. Notwithstanding its glaring deficiencies, *Love and Madness* became the classic on the subject, and the compiler of *Celebrated Trials* (London, 1825) drew heavily upon it for his account of the Hackman murder, apparently without suspecting that it was historical fiction and not history. In effect, the historical Hackman vanished at the moment of his arrest, and his place was taken by a rejected lover whose tribulations somehow acquired the dignity of cosmic meaning. The legendary Mr. Hackman's misery was the favorite misery of his generation, which, like General John Burgoyne's "sleepless bird," persisted in "pressing" its "bosom to the thorn and courting th' inspiring pain." The more excruciating love was, the more it was admired—at least as a literary theme.

In a word, the romance has eclipsed the human beings who inspired it. Nevertheless, a light eclipsed is not a light extinguished, and we need not despair of reconstructing the curious triangle from the fragmentary record: the playboy Hackman, who redeems

a squandered life with a few days of unspeakable pain; Martha Ray, the kept woman, cut off in the maturity of her charms and thus spared the distress of seeing them decline; and game old Sandwich, the dissipated aristocrat, who loves Martha with a lord's arrogance and forgives Hackman with a lord's liberality. We can restore them to life if we begin far back, before any of them knew either of the others.

In the case of Lord Sandwich—more exactly, the fourth Earl of Sandwich—we must retire a considerable distance into the past, since, at the time of the murder, he was in his sixties, while Hackman was in his twenties and Miss Ray in her thirties. Fifty years before, the eleven-year-old John Montagu had inherited the title from Edward, his grandfather. Sandwich had thus been an earl almost as long as he could remember. His early rise to the peerage had encouraged him to regard his favored position as one of the facts of nature, and this had been his conviction for so many years that he was no longer capable of questioning it. Other people contended with the world for a living: Sandwich and the small company of his equals competed with one another for superfluous honors and lucrative sinecures. As men of breeding, they set their inferiors an example of urbane selfishness. In the confident presence of Sandwich and his set virtue looked shabby and piety cut a ridiculous figure. It was a rare man of God who ventured to upbraid privileged vice to its face. For the most part, the men of God were surpassingly discreet. Bishops and their wives were shocked when Sandwich showed off Miss Ray at his parties, but they continued to accept his invitations, and they dutifully clapped when his mistress sang. Clerical tutors and domestic chaplains made themselves useful, minded their business, and pocketed their modest stipends. In his youth Sandwich was glad to have a parson at hand to do his homework. He was probably prepared, at any age, to concede that religion was not a bad thing for his tenants. There is, however, no evidence that conformity to Christian standards was ever urged upon Sandwich himself. Whatever decency he had he derived from his noble instincts. We should be grateful that his instincts were as good as they were.

When Lord Sandwich met Miss Martha Ray he had attained the age at which a human being either renounces self-deception or abandons himself to it completely. The maturing peer had chosen to be a realist. The chance of birth had given him rank and property, and his enjoyment of these gifts was not clouded by any prospect of an adverse turn of fortune. To philosophize over the advantages that destiny had conferred upon him would have seemed to him the most unprofitable form of folly, if such a thought had ever crossed his mind. Rooted in the security of his position, he could be extraordinarily candid with himself about his personality, his character, and his abilities. Unreserved honesty is, of course, too heroic an extreme for men like Lord Sandwich, and they always tell themselves at least a few plausible lies. Nevertheless, Sandwich exhibited a certain gracious frankness of manner that must have had its origin in a modest estimate of his endowments.

If he passed some such judgment upon himself, there was much to confirm it. More than four decades of varied living had proved to him that every part of him was mediocre. He had passed through Eton and Cambridge without distinction. Married at twenty-three to a woman of his own class, he had failed—perhaps, in part, through some fault of his wife's—to convert the alliance into a union. His political attachment to the Duke of Bedford had led to a succession of appointments, civil, military, and diplomatic. The post of First Lord of the Admiralty had been entrusted to him when he was a mere twenty-nine. Four years later political defeat had forced him into a long period of idleness, from which he had emerged to assume the title of Joint Vice-treasurer and Receiver of the Revenues of Ireland and to perform such light labors as this dignity required of him. It was a long climb back to the Admiralty, but in 1763 he recovered his old job, and by that time, if the most probable chronology is correct, Martha Ray had been his mistress for three years. 1768 saw him employed elsewhere, but in 1771 he returned to the Admiralty. He was still there when Martha was murdered.

The initial contact between the peer and his mistress is a matter of uncertainty. Martha was a child of the metropolis. Her father earned his living as a stay-maker in Holywell Street, and she her-



self, as soon as she was old enough to be articted to a master or mistress, began her instruction in an allied trade, mantua-making or, as we should say, high class dressmaking, in or about the year 1755 at a shop in George's Court, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell. Five years later, a blooming eighteen, she completed her apprenticeship. Drab years of drudgery apparently stretched before her, and she pitied herself as she reflected that the skill of her pretty fingers would enhance the beauty of other women while her own beauty increasingly showed the mark of long hours and bad light. She need not have worried about her future. One look at her face and her figure, and any London male with the means of doing so would be happy to release her from virtuous obscurity. The thing that poor girls talk about and pray for but never really expect suddenly materialized. Opportunity saluted her. Somewhere, in some fashion, Lord Sandwich had a view of her charms and promptly told himself that there was no reason why he should live without them.

He was right. It was simply a matter of making a deal with the lady, and she was, to begin with, unmistakably flattered by his notice. He was not attractive: one of his enemies described him as "half-hanged." He was not graceful: for this we have the testimony of his French dancing-master, and we may add the remark of a man who, on being asked to identify an approaching figure, exclaimed, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." Even the most ravishing mistress would have to share him with any woman he felt like seducing. In spite of all this, Martha was willing; and, if she had not been, the decision would have been made for her by her parents, who, after the bargain was consummated, retired to the country with a modest but steady income. Martha yielded, and the sacrifice of her honor was generously rewarded. Lord Sandwich was not a niggardly protector. She had an enviable wardrobe, devoted attendants, vocal lessons from the celebrated Giardini, and a brilliant social life. Sandwich's demands were not excessive. He appeared content with her undivided company in his private life and her occasional assistance with some dubious piece of business at the Admiralty. She produced nine children in about twice as many



years, but four of her babies died, and so she and Sandwich had their little sorrows in the midst of their great delights. Such were her days until Mr. Hackman fell in love with her.

At first she suspected nothing. One evening in the mid-70's she found herself entertaining an unremarkable Ensign Hackman, of His Majesty's 68th Foot Regiment. Learning of the young officer's presence, on a recruiting assignment, in the neighboring town of Huntingdon, the Earl, a man of genuine hospitality, had invited him to dine at Hinchinbroke, where, several degrees more openly than in London, Miss Ray enjoyed the character of a recognized hostess. The company, we venture to believe, discussed the troubles in America, the likelihood of overseas service for the 68th, and the dull fatigue of the task in which the youth was engaged; and then, rather depressed at the aspect of world affairs, agreed eagerly that it would be nice if Miss Ray sang a few songs. After several hours of ecstasy, Ensign Hackman departed for his quarters, taking with him the assurance that he would be welcome at Hinchinbroke whenever there was a lull in recruiting. Soon he was back, and as the weeks passed he came so often and stayed so long that Martha abandoned her fears for the manpower of the British army, in which all recruiting that depended on Mr. Hackman had come to a standstill, and began to be a little frightened about herself. His visits were no longer a boyish effusion of confidences on his part and a half-maternal exercise in patience on hers. She now had his history by heart: his birth in a town called Gosport; his relatives in Hampshire and elsewhere, particularly his father, a retired lieutenant with no illusions about army life; his failure as a mercer's apprentice; and finally his entry into the army, a sad disappointment to his father, who had wanted something more lucrative for his sociable but feckless son. The long, intimate afternoons were taking a dangerous personal turn. No other man had made anything like this resolute approach to her. She had flirted often enough, but always before this the gallant gentleman had remembered in time that she belonged to Lord Sandwich. James seemed capable of forgetting all the important things—the difference between their ages, her obligations to the Earl, and his own dreary prospects in the army. More than that, as she sat and listened to

him she was forgetting these things herself. A breach with Sandwich was, of course, not to be contemplated, but it would hardly come to that, and she could remind herself with conviction that the old man owed her something for his infidelities. His amorous excursions suddenly became an unbearable grievance. Perhaps at this time she had seen a certain humiliating cartoon brilliantly described by one William Bates in words that bear quotation:

A reverend draughtsman has left a caricature in which [the Earl of Sandwich] is represented between two elegant ladies,—one, the unfortunate Miss Reay herself; the other the celebrated Miss Gordon. The title, "A Sandwich," happily identifies the gentleman occupying this enviable position, while to "blind horses" it merely serves to suggest the well-known species of refreshment of which he is said to be the inventor.

Her resentment and self-pity spoke more eloquently for the ardent Hackman than he could ever have contrived to speak for himself. His fresh young desire touched her with a tenderness that her elderly lover's experience and art had never been able to give her. They argued about her future, his future, and a conceivable common future, and he respected her scruples and her bewilderment. She was rapidly drifting into a state that is bad for women of her age.

In the end, she was very indiscreet. How much she actually gave Mr. Hackman the curious reader will try to find out for himself. Nobody really knows. Sir Herbert Croft's opinion is that she allowed her persistent James the ultimate liberty, and the letter that Croft composes for Hackman the morning after is a pornographer's masterpiece. Fortunately, our ignorance concerning this secondary question does not impede us. What matters is not how far she went in bestowing her favors, but how clearly she committed herself to leaving Sandwich and becoming Hackman's wife. Hackman appears to have understood that she would marry him when he could provide for her. It is scarcely credible that she made him no promise at all. Yet it need not have been an unconditional promise. At such times words are spoken in one sense and heard in another. Whatever she said or did not say, she did not dismiss Mr.

Hackman the day he declared his love, and that is the one thing that could have saved her.

The year 1776, so crucial for the remote colonists in whom Mr. Hackman had at best a very mild interest, was a year of crisis for him as well. The army showed its confidence in him by promoting him to the rank of lieutenant in July, but this was as far as he could hope to go, and his commission, little as it meant in terms of ease and security, would not be safe if he won Martha from the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was a general in the army and could break a junior officer at will. Before the year was out he abandoned the army. No doubt he hoped that, as he had taken off his red coat, so Martha would forsake her scarlet past. He looked about for a refuge. An ecclesiastical career seemed to offer peculiar advantages. It would give them enough to live on and an opportunity to do a sort of penance. In some tranquil vicarage they could escape Sandwich and leave the devil far behind. Eventually they would be good, happy, respected, and useful. So he reasoned, and in his infatuation he imagined that Martha had already consented to be his partner in this idyll. In the eclectic manner of the moonstruck sentimentalists who make their own world and people it with men and women of their own creation, he took a gesture, a word, and a mood and shaped them into a person whom he could—and did—identify with Martha. Upwards of two years spent by him in study and by her in pleasure increased the distance between the woman she was and the woman he fancied she was, until neither bore any rational relation to the other. The charming penitent who inspired Mr. Hackman's labors and the Martha who still cohabited with Lord Sandwich were total strangers to each other.

As for ex-Lieutenant Hackman's schooling in divinity, we shall do it ample—nay, excessive—justice if we dispose of it in a hasty paragraph. He did not develop into an accomplished theologian, and had he exerted himself with a diligence that was in any case out of the question for a man so preoccupied, he would have done far more than custom required. There was scholarship in the Church of England, and occasionally a priest took his pastoral duties seriously, but few of the clergy could recall that they had

worked very hard to qualify for ordination. Theology had allowed itself to be backed into a corner. The best an apologist could do was to explain that Christianity was not quite so silly as it seemed. Canonical examiners were quickly satisfied, and so long as a candidate displayed no unseemly enthusiasm, a gentlemanly ignorance of the refinements of theology was not permitted to stand in the way of his ordination. Somebody should have stopped Mr. Hackman before he knelt to receive the diaconate at a private service in Park Street Chapel, Grosvenor Square, London, on the Feast of St. Matthias, February 24, 1779. Nobody did, and four days later the Church made him a priest in the same place, this time at a public service in which, as is not likely to have been the case on February 24, others were ordained. We shall forever wonder in vain who examined our pensive James and how competent his answers were. His training for holy orders is the principal mystery of his life. A manuscript to which the present writer could gain access only at prohibitive cost and therefore has left unread appears to contain the information that Mr. Hackman studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, but Daniel Hipwell, who knew this manuscript, admits that the matter is doubtful, since Hackman's "name is not found in the University Matriculation Books and the St. John's College Admission Register during the years 1776-9." We read of no sermon notes among Hackman's papers, and it is entirely thinkable, and even probable, that he never preached. Whatever he learned he learned solely with his intelligence, which was soon to be completely defeated by his emotions. The Church had no way of detecting the radically unfit and no will to keep them out of her ministry. A busy bishop conferring holy orders on the fly could not conveniently investigate every man who presented himself for ordination. The eighteenth century lived largely by appearances, and Mr. Hackman made a good impression. That alone would doubtless have gained him the favor of almost any bishop, and if, in addition, he had friends to assist him, the matter could be arranged without much waiting. Lord Sandwich or Miss Ray had only to drop a helpful word into an episcopal ear at a suitable moment. Either of them might have regarded this as a neat way of getting rid of Mr. Hackman. But we are falling into barren specu-



lation and must return to facts. The only thing we can really prove is that Mr. Hackman was ordained. The events that followed were notorious and require no proof. Let it, however, be said in justice to Mr. Hackman that, unless he has wholly deceived us, when the bishop's hands descended upon his head he was thinking of nothing more wicked than rural felicity with Martha.

Mr. Hackman might manage without a knowledge of theology, but a parish was essential. An obscure Norfolk village named Wiveton lacked a pastor at the moment and the patron of the living, Hyde Mathis of Chichester, was willing to present Mr. Hackman. Bishop Yonge of Norwich obligingly instituted the nominee on March 1, 1779. Mr. Hackman had completed his journey to security. He possessed a house and an income, and he felt that the woman for whom he had toiled could resist him no longer.

Miss Ray was now subjected to an unpleasant and embarrassing pressure. Every post brought a fresh letter from Mr. Hackman, with an unwelcome description of his stupid little vicarage and its tiresome surroundings. When would she join him? He demanded a date for the wedding. She admitted to herself that her predicament was really alarming. She was faced with the double task of finding excuses that would keep Mr. Hackman at a distance and appeasing Lord Sandwich, who, having learned of her intrigue from an observant Polynesian member of his household, Omiah by name, had warned her sternly to remember whose mistress she was. The tension was aggravated by a riot that occurred about the time of Mr. Hackman's ordination. Sandwich was rapidly becoming an object of public loathing. He had brought charges against Admiral Keppel, and the court, when the case came to trial, courageously showed both its opinion of Sandwich and its esteem for the Admiral by acquitting the latter. At once a jubilant mob started for Sandwich's official residence at the Admiralty. We have Walpole's word for it that "Lord Sandwich, exceedingly terrified, escaped through the garden with his mistress, Miss Ray, to the Horse Guards, and there betrayed a most manifest panic." Undeniably, these were trying weeks.

As Lent advanced and April 4, the date of Easter, came closer, Martha's agitation subsided. She had reached a decision, and

when Mr. Hackman heard it he would not like it; but since his priestly responsibilities would surely keep him out of town until a week or two after Easter, the difficult encounter would not take place immediately. Miss Ray did not reckon with the fact that Mr. Hackman was taking a very light view of his responsibilities. If she was capable of forgetting about him for a few days, he was capable of forgetting about Easter. It is not certain that he was guilty of so grave a lapse, but that is only because Mr. Hackman's life during its distracted last weeks is highly perplexing and his goings and comings are unreliably reported. Wherever he spent Easter, there is no positive evidence that he held services at Wiveton that day. He may simply have made London his headquarters after his ordination. For at least part of the time he had lodgings in St. Martin's Lane, at a place called Duke's Court. How often he went to Wiveton and how long he stayed no disinterested witness has told us. Thus we cannot name the day when, to Martha's dismay, word arrived from Mr. Hackman that he had come to claim her and could wait no longer. Perhaps there was no such day, perhaps there was no such message, perhaps Martha's native prudence did not assert itself until she had had several assignations with Mr. Hackman. Any irresolution on her part would have buoyed her suitor's hopes and kept him in town. Letters may have been merely supplementary to more intimate contacts. We have nothing but hearsay to guide us, and from it we gather, with such historical sense as we command, that Mr. Hackman received his final dismissal on or about Palm Sunday. It was literally the death of him. All through Holy Week he was unwontedly subdued, and Easter brought no change in his dejected manner.

It was said that, not Miss Ray herself, but an emissary had told him the stunning truth. A Signora Galli had lately been appointed to a confidential post in Lord Sandwich's establishment. In pursuance of her employer's instructions she divided her time between improving Miss Ray's voice and keeping her away from Mr. Hackman. The duenna liked the job, and if Mr. Hackman carried out his plans, she would lose it. He was as good as defeated the day she moved in. When she saw that the hour for action had come, she had only to suggest that Miss Ray allow her to handle

the matter. Miss Ray, exhausted and worried, gratefully consented, and Signora Galli was on her way. It may have taken only a few minutes, and it may have taken hours of painful explanation. There was a delicate way of doing it, and there was a blunt way of doing it, and Signora Galli may have been too excited or too intent upon her own security to choose the least brutal words. At all events, she made Miss Ray's stand crushingly clear and gave Mr. Hackman distinctly to understand that the affections once so promisingly inclined in his direction were now firmly engaged elsewhere. Although we may cling to the hope that Mr. Hackman met the moment with the dumb dignity that is an unintelligent young man's best response to sorrow, we cannot imagine that he had any illusions left after he said good-by to Signora Galli. He had been rejected. Protests, appeals, and lamentations would gain him nothing.

Now for the first time Mr. Hackman applied a sober mind to his problems, and it was not long before he concluded that nothing would serve him but suicide. After that interview the rest of the day was chaotic and he had no thoughts at all. Presently he began to grasp that a kind of emotional necessity was driving him to self-destruction. He had a "very amiable and fair character," but no toughness. He had holy orders, but no religion. He had friends and fond relatives, but the possession of Martha Ray was his sole desire. He had yielded to his infatuation with all the intensity of a weak, dependent nature, and his commitment was irrevocable. Sufferings greater than his own, possibly more significant than his own, did not touch him. Good Friday passed, meaning nothing to him, and so did Easter. The sweetness of spring was gall.

Nothing remained but to choose a time and an instrument. He had to consider his sister and her husband Mr. Booth, an estimable attorney, so happy themselves in the second month of their marriage, not to mention Mary Hackman, who was still wondering what she should think of her son's ordination. In a generous moment he told himself that he would gladly double his own sufferings if thereby he could make his death a little easier for them. Nor were they the only persons to whom he owed it to keep the shock and the shame of his premature end within the bounds of absolute necessity. He was not wholly unmindful of the effect that

the news would have on his parishioners in Wiveton. It was better that the deed should not be done in their midst. As his plans took form, he was influenced most of all by his solicitude for Martha Ray. Surely his love for her would suggest the way that would hurt her least. Under the stress of these emotions he began to shape a letter to his brother-in-law. It was not committed to paper until the afternoon of April 7. It is the testament of a man whose love in the end proved no match for his self-pity and his sense of the dramatic. At the moment of writing Mr. Hackman unquestionably had only one victim in mind. His own words are his best defense, and here they are:

My dear Frederick,

When this reaches you I shall be no more, but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much; I have strove against it as long as possible, but it now overpowers me. You well know where my affections were placed; my having by some means or other lost her's (an idea which I could not support) has driven me to madness. The world will condemn me, but your good heart will pity me. God bless you my dear Fred. Would I had a sum to leave you, to convince you of my great regard: you was my only friend. I have hid one circumstance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. Knight, of Gosport, 100 l. for which he has the writings of my houses; but I hope in God, when they are sold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to settle our account. May Almighty God bless you and yours with comfort and happiness; and may you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel. May heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured. Oh! if it should ever be in your power to do her any act of friendship, remember your faithful friend,

J. Hackman

Sleep was never difficult for Hackman, and he had been refreshed by some hours of it when he left his bed at the beginning of his last day of freedom and obscurity. Before the small hours of the next day a great many people would take notice of him, and as soon thereafter as the newspapers could print his story he would be tried informally at every dinner table in England. Of all



this he had neither the most remote suspicion nor the faintest warning. He blundered out of bed and into the void of a day that held no promise of decision. He might kill himself today, and he might not. In any case, he would have to do it fairly soon. Beyond that he knew nothing.

To a man who is going to commit suicide the things he does as the hour of execution approaches are either incongruously trivial or grandly symbolic. According to his temperament, the act of brushing his teeth or parting his hair for the last time strikes him as funny in its futility or unbearably, tragically pathetic. If Mr. Hackman had laughed just once that morning as he nicked himself with his razor or scalded his tongue with an overheated cup of chocolate, he might have suddenly felt the vitality of his sound young body, thrown off his morbid repinings, and gone out to relax from his woes. Instead, he sat disconsolately with a book of Blair's sermons in his lap and fell into something like a coma. Then like an erratic wind his old anguish struck him with multiplied force and overcame whatever was left of reluctance. He would kill himself today, but first he would do two things: dine with the Booths, who were expecting him, and have a last look at Martha. He walked moodily down St. Martin's Lane, followed the Strand to Craven Street, and knocked at the Booths' door. The Admiralty was not far away. At the customary hour the three dined together, Mr. Booth full of business, Mrs. Booth uneasy about her brother, and Hackman emptying his plate rather absently, but with an appetite that deceived his hosts. After dinner Mr. Hackman wrote busily with borrowed pen and paper. Slipping the letters into his pocket, he took up his hat and remarked, in a tone of natural, familiar lightness that he had things to do and if he got them done, he would return to supper. He closed the door behind him and abandoned himself to the soothing indifference of the gigantic city that had been there before him and would still be there when he was dead.

The direct route to Martha's neighborhood ran back to the Strand, past St. Martin's Lane, through Charing Cross, and down Whitehall. Things were not right for a reflective stroll through a labyrinth of darkening lanes and alleys, and Mr. Hackman no

longer took a provincial's delight in the quaintness of backstreet London. As the evening matured, he turned towards the Admiralty, where he could, and quite probably did, contemplate the substantial front of Lord Sandwich's official residence and solace himself with the thought that Martha was somewhere inside those walls.

His imagination did not err. She was preparing for the theatre, after a day of numb fatigue and vague disquietude. The carriage was at the door, and she was doing the little things that women do when they know that many eyes will soon be upon them. In the same room was a Mrs. Lewis, who precisely at this moment was moved to admire, with a certain warmth of language, the large, ripe rose that Martha had pinned to her gown. An instant later the rose, startlingly and inexplicably, lay on the floor. Martha was visibly shaken, and as she fought to regain control of her nerves she exclaimed, "I trust I am not to consider this an evil omen!"

Signora Galli joined her, and they stepped into the carriage. By this time Mr. Hackman's untraceable itinerary had brought him to the Cannon Coffeehouse in Charing Cross, and from its windows or some other point in or near it he was watching the traffic for a glimpse of the very conveyance that now came into sight. Neither of its occupants noticed the still, black figure. They proceeded to Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Hackman kept close behind. All three entered the theatre, but Mr. Hackman was too agitated to remain more than a few minutes. Lord Coleraine bowed to Martha, and they began a lively and flirtatious conversation that could be construed only in one way by a man in Mr. Hackman's position. He had learned from Signora Galli that Martha was interested in somebody else. One can scarcely blame him for supposing that Lord Coleraine was that person.

The play is on, and soon after it is over a woman who is now relaxing under its influence will be murdered. Thus far Mr. Hackman has contemplated nothing save suicide, but in a few hours, at the very moment of execution, his design will abruptly expand and embrace murder. An inquisitive mind inevitably looks for a connection between the play on the boards and the secret drama that has been unfolding inside Mr. Hackman since the day he fell in love with Miss Ray. Can the lines of the former be shaping, in

however slight a degree, the final bloody scene of the latter? Can they be hardening Mr. Hackman? Are they perhaps softening Miss Ray?

The play on the stage is not a tragedy from which Miss Ray might draw a premonition of what is going to happen to her—or, failing that, a certain purgation that would put her in readiness for death. Miss Ray does not want to think about death, and nothing she sees or hears reminds her of it. It is not quite so easy to dismiss the recollection of Mr. Hackman's stricken face, as Signora Galli, in her animated manner, described it to her mistress after the unhappy interview, but even that disquieting memory recedes as Miss Ray listens to the gay lyrics and the broad jests. The management is presenting a musical comedy that Londoners have known for sixteen years. Its name is *Love in a Village*, and its author is a dramatist of Irish birth and Irish fertility. Isaac Bickerstaff was twenty-eight when he produced this flimsy tissue of banal plot, predictable song, and bawdy humor, and something that now eludes us has kept it alive.

Miss Ray comes closest to identifying herself with a character in Mr. Bickerstaff's refreshing hit when Madge, lamenting the recent loss of her virtue, which appears to have suffered previous accidents, sings,

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
Like any bird I sung;  
Till he pretended love, and I  
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh, the fool, the silly, silly fool,  
Who trusts what man may be;  
I wish I was a maid again,  
And in my own country.

Miss Ray recognizes that she shares with Madge the shame of seduction, but a moment later she is encouraged by the thought that she does not share Madge's defenseless position. Quickly she adds a resolution: she will take no more risks with people like Mr. Hackman.

Her enjoyment grows. The place, the play, and her mood are much to her liking. Presently Hodge, the clown of the operetta, bellows at Madge,

Was ever poor fellow so plagued with a vixen?

Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind what I say.

You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks on,

So, pack up your alls, and be trudging away.

Miss Ray amuses herself by rewriting the line and says witheringly to her mind's image of Mr. Hackman, "Parson, you've chose the wrong Martha for playing your tricks on." Mr. Hackman troubles her no longer. He will not keep her awake tonight.

This, we are free to imagine, was the drift of her thoughts, and if they really made her feel that her affair with Mr. Hackman was totally dead, we may argue that the play contributed something to the murder, for it gave her an assurance of security when an anxious alertness might have preserved her. Some other comedy, to be sure, would have brought her the same measure of relief. In any event, we can see in the play itself no deadly relevance to the situation.

While Martha sat at the play, her cast-off lover, disturbed as never before, walked up and down in his narrow bedroom and slowly made up his mind to do it right in front of Miss Ray with his brace of pistols. Now it all became, with a kind of piercing suddenness, dazzlingly clear. He would load both pistols, slip into the theatre, and when Martha appeared at the end of the play shoot himself, twice if necessary, and fall at her feet.

The actors capered through their finale, and Miss Martha Ray watched them with gratitude. She felt thoroughly attuned to the silly words they sang:

Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,

Welcome, jollity and joy;

Every grief in pleasure drowning,

Mirth this happy night employ:

Let's to friendship do our duty,

Laugh and sing some good old strain;

Drink a health to love and beauty—

May they long in triumph reign.

Signora Galli was enchanted at the change. She smiled, and Miss Ray smiled back. They looked about to make sure that they had all



their belongings, and, with a happy sense of renewal, stood up and joined the departing crowd. Mr. Hackman had caught sight of them and was pushing along after them, with so little elbowroom that the two attempts he made, before he overtook Martha, to pull the trigger on himself were frustrated. Probably Lord Coleraine, who might have been expected to see Miss Ray and Signora Galli to their carriage, excused himself in the lobby. They dreaded the next few minutes. Unattended ladies were exposed to painful jostling in the passage that ran between the theatre and the dark Piazzas, where coachmen were looking for their masters and masters were shouting for their coachmen. Miss Ray and her companion were helpless in the confusion and might have missed their coach entirely if Mr. John Macnamara, an Irish barrister with superb manners, but, as we shall shortly see, a weak stomach, had not stepped up and rescued them.

The immediate cause of the murder was, in our opinion, this spontaneous act of courtesy. Macnamara had met Miss Ray, and he promptly did what any of a hundred other men-about-town would have done in the circumstances. Miss Ray had obviously no male escort. The barrister approached her, placed himself at her disposal, and civilly held out his right arm, into which she willingly slipped her left. A jealous fury seized Mr. Hackman, who was only a few feet in the rear.

What happened during the ensuing hour cannot be recounted with perfect clarity. If only we could recall the witnesses to the stand and examine them exhaustively! Of course in the main they told a straight story, and we must take it as we find it, transcribed from the shorthand notes of the quasi-official court stenographer Joseph Gurney and "published by authority" in Volume 55 of the so-called *Session Papers*. Disappointing in its brevity and clearly not an absolutely faithful report of all that was said in court, the dull summary on pages 207-210 of this volume reflects nothing of the contest between law and pity and leaves us hungry with curiosity. Many of the details of the trial have been lost beyond recovery, and the resultant obscurity extends to several aspects of the crime itself.

We resume the tale of a black deed done by a man in black. First we must get Miss Ray to the immediate scene of the crime, a spot to which she was proceeding in the best of spirits. Engrossed in her conversation with Mr. Macnamara, she walked the last few yards her feet were to carry her. The little group, shadowed by Hackman, emerged from the outer end of the passage. Martha was still clinging to Macnamara's arm, and her mercurial escort was as merry as she was. They advanced to a point "within two or three yards of the front on the outside, in the street, within two steps of the coach; she had got out of the portico; it was in the piazzas that it happened," to quote Macnamara's testimony.

At this place the shot was fired. Before Macnamara explains to us why he misinterpreted the sound, let us take as our narrator Mary Anderson, an intelligent fruit woman, who has the distinction of being the only actual spectator of the murder, if we exclude Hackman. We introduce her testimony in its entirety, exactly as Mr. Gurney printed it:

On Wednesday, the 7th of April, after the play was over, where were you standing?—Close by the lady's carriage.

What are you?—I sell fruit.

Give an account of all that you observed under the piazzas.

I was standing at the post. Just as the play broke up I saw two ladies and a gentleman coming out of the play-house; a gentleman in black followed them. Lady Sandwich's coach was called. When the carriage came up, the gentleman handed the other lady into the carriage; the lady that was shot stood behind. Before the gentleman could come back to hand her into the carriage the gentleman in black came up, laid hold of her by the gown, and pulled out of his pocket two pistols; he shot the right hand pistol at her, and the other at himself. She fell with her hand so (*describing it as being on her forehead*) and died before she could be got to the first lamp; I believe she died immediately, for her head hung directly. At first I was frightened at the report of the pistol, and ran away. He fired another pistol, and dropped immediately. They fell feet to feet. He beat himself violently over the head with his pistols, and desired somebody would kill him.

Whereabouts did he beat himself?—Just about the right temple. (*Describing it.*)

His own head?—Yes.

Did you see him in Tothilfields Bridewell the next day?—Yes.

Was the person you saw there the person who discharged the pistol?—Yes.

Is he here?—That is the gentleman. (*Pointing to the prisoner.*)

#### Cross Examination

You say Mr. Hackman pulled two pistols out of his pocket—do you mean he pulled them both out of one pocket with one hand?—He pulled them out of different pockets with different hands, and they went off just so. (*Describing it by claping her hands twice, one immediately after the other.*)

Was one taken out first, and the other afterwards?—No; both together.

Was the pistol cocked?—I saw him cock both the pistols at the same time.

Did you see him do any thing to the pistols?—I saw him let them off.

Do you know the make of a pistol?—No.

Did you see him do anything to the pistol before he let it off?—No.

Part of this interrogation strikes us as idiotic, but we can think of several important questions that might have been put to the witness. For example, how far did she run? Did she run after the first shot, and, if so, how did she manage to see the second shot? (Macnamara, by the way, mentions only one shot.) If the shots were only some seconds apart, she could not have run until after Hackman fired at himself, and alert counsel could easily have made her contradict herself on this point. Were there two, or were there three pistol shots? From the jerky narrative one could argue for either number. Did Mr. Hackman really perform the extraordinary feat of beating himself about the right temple with *both* pistols? It seems a strained and awkward thing to do. Admittedly, he could have done it with his head in almost any position, and the sharp-eyed Mary Anderson may be telling the truth. But why this cool concentration on the right temple and not a mad chaos of wild blows? The shrewd critic will suspect the shrewd fruit

woman, not of concealing anything, but of remembering more than she saw. To be sure, our doubts are confined to secondary features of the crime, and at all events we must recognize that she spoke the truth when she said that she had seen Mr. Hackman commit the murder. Mr. Hackman did not deny it.

It may have been Macnamara's solicitude for Miss Ray that made him deaf to the second shot. We know of two men who picked up the sound some distance away and hastened towards it to find out what was going on. We shall hear them presently. Understanding came slowly to the barrister. He communicates to the court how bewildered he was:

... I heard the report of a pistol, and felt an impression on my right arm, the arm she held with her left, and which I conceive to be the ball, after it had passed through her head, that had hit my arm; she instantly dropped ... I thought the pistol had been fired out of wantonness; I had not an idea that there was a ball though I felt the impression on my arm. I stooped to assist her in a fainting fit, as I conceived it to be, through the fright of the pistol ... I threw myself upon my knees to attempt to help her up, and found my hands bloody; I then had an idea of the truth of it, and by the assistance of a link-boy I got her into the Shakspeare tavern.

At the moment of the murder and for an appreciable time thereafter the Irishman was not conscious of Hackman's presence. He could not, of his independent knowledge, identify the prisoner as the murderer.

New difficulties confront us in the testimony of the two witnesses to whom we have made brief reference above. They were James Mahon, an apothecary, and Richard Blandy, who appears to have been a constable detailed to look after the theatres. Arriving a few seconds before Blandy, Mahon beheld "the gentleman" lying "on the ground, reclining in this posture (*describing it*) he had a pistol in his left hand, and was beating himself violently." Mahon "wrenched the pistol immediately out of his hand." From Blandy, who now appeared, we learn what occurred next:

... I went up and saw the surgeon (he means the apothecary) had Mr. Hackman and a pistol in his hand. Mr.



Mahon gave me the pistol, and desired me to take care of the prisoner, and take him to his house.

It will not have escaped the attentive reader that Mahon and Blandy are unaware of a second pistol.

Obviously Mr. Mahon intended to follow the prisoner and the constable. The murderer's injuries demanded prompt treatment: "he bled very much," Mr. Mahon remembers, and the apothecary wanted to "stop the violent effusion of blood." Mr. Mahon can have had only one reason for not rushing to his house, which was close by "at the corner of Bow-street," and that is that his services were more urgently needed elsewhere. We pursue the matter with Blandy, who was asked, "To Mr. Mahon's house?" and replied:

Yes; when I came to the corner by the Red-Lion, the door was shut. I found the prisoner very faint; somebody called to me, and desired me to bring him back to the Shakspeare tavern; that Mr. Mahon was there, and I brought him back to the Shakspeare.

The inference we draw from this, namely that Hackman did not receive Mr. Mahon's ministrations at the latter's house, is confirmed by the apothecary's own words:

I was going towards my own house; at the corner of Russel-Street I met Mr. Campbell, who keeps the Shakspeare tavern (here Mr. Gurney, we marvel to note, puts a question mark).

It is no matter what passed between you and Mr. Campbell, did you see anything of the lady?—At first I did not.

When did you see her?—In the space of two or three minutes I saw her lying at the bar, supported by a person I did not know. I perceived the wound was mortal. I said I could give her no assistance.

Mr. Gurney's abstract, despite its obscurities, leads us to a simple conclusion. The constable and the disarmed and bleeding prisoner departed in the direction of Mr. Mahon's house. Mr. Mahon allowed himself a minute's pause to pull himself together before setting out to join them. He had barely started and was just turning from the Piazzas into Russell Street when the encounter with Mr. Campbell brought him to a halt. Would Mr. Mahon have a look at the lady? He would, and he was detained so long that Blandy and Hackman turned back and found him at

the tavern. Why, then, do we read in *The Gentleman's Magazine* that the apothecary "took [Hackman] to his house, dressed his wounds, and accompanied him to the Shakspeare"? A second trip to James Mahon's house is conceivable. If it took place, there is no hint of it in Gurney's "whole proceedings." Careless reporting again blocks the way to a complete understanding of the case.

Bandages were applied somewhere in the neighborhood, and when this had been accomplished, Hackman was conducted back to the Shakspeare Tavern, if he was not already there. He was exhibiting the first evidences of the resigned self-possession that so impressed those who observed his last days. It was plain that he was not badly hurt. Manifestly he had no great skill at shooting with his left hand. He was at last instinctively, and not much later would become factually, aware of what his right hand had done, and the knowledge increasingly sobered and steadied him. It was a good time for an interrogation—so good, if we may risk an opinion with respect to the true sequence of things, that Mr. Macnamara could not easily have chosen any other. He speaks at length of a conversation with Hackman, which he places after the latter's arrest, but the expression he uses does not, in the context, indicate how soon after. Directly after the murder Hackman was in no condition to answer questions. Half an hour later was a much more suitable time. Macnamara, who was certainly entitled to ask a few questions, inquired concerning Hackman's motive. Hackman would not commit himself. In response to further questions he told Macnamara his name and asked him to get word to Mr. Booth. It was not easy to keep Hackman away from the body, but Macnamara was firm. He was unwilling to tell Hackman the truth about Miss Ray, and in the end an officious third person saved him the trouble. Ominous heavings warned Macnamara that he would soon need medical attention himself if he remained, but before he bowed himself out he obtained a private room for Miss Ray. She was, of course, beyond help, as the attending surgeon, Dennis O'Brian, discovered when he examined her. His description of what he saw bears out previous testimony: "The wound was received in the front of the head, in the centra coronalis, and the ball was discharged under the left ear." Surely the simple constable whose hand first turned



## THE DEAN

*Photograph, courtesy of the "Episcopalian."*

# Hymns of Today and Tomorrow

THE REV. R. L. JACOBY

A most casual perusal of the source indexes of the Hymnal 1960 reveals to the reader that every century has produced Christian poets and musicians. Some centuries (as for example, the 19th Century) are more generously represented than others, for inspiration waxes and wanes, but never dies. This suggests to the thinking Christian that hymn writing is not static, but rather, that each generation of Christians produces some hymn writers and composers whose works find their way into the more or less permanent repertoire. The next point is in the form of a question. What is the status of hymn writing today, 1960? To answer this question it is necessary to observe that very few writers (or composers for that matter), save perhaps the indefatigable Wesleys, purposely aspire to be remembered in this way by posterity. In a majority of cases, the popular hymn seems to have become so honored by fortuitous circumstance. Frequently, a good tune (sometimes musically inferior) has had much to do with its immediate success.

But there are always a few interested souls, who would like to extend the repertoire to include contemporary inspiration. This is the only reason for printing the hymn by Father Andrew. In reading through his collected poems, several seem to the writer to fulfill the criteria for judging good hymns. Among these criteria we include the following: simplicity of style, beauty of expression, orthodoxy in theology and rhymed meter devotionally inspired. As for the music no apology is offered. It is merely an attempt to supply a suitable tune for Father Andrew's inspired words. The inspiration for the tune is to be found in the opening two or three measures of a pavane by Luis Milan of the late 15th Century. The syncopated rhythm is reminiscent of the music of the 16th Century.

It is our hope that other hymns will be published from time to time in the Review.



# A Lenten Hymn

Divine Compassion

R. L. Jacoby, 1960

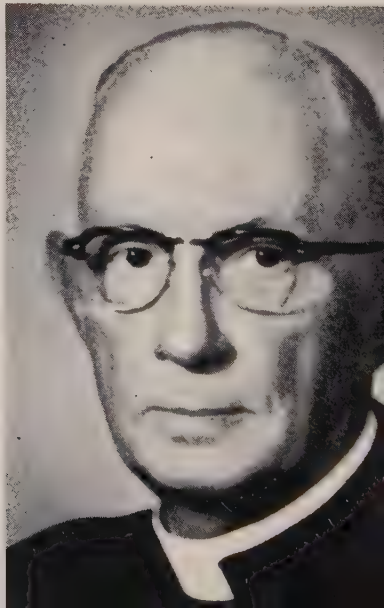
1. O dearest Lord, Thy sacred Brow  
With thorns was pierced for me:  
O pour Thy blessing on my head,  
That I may think for Thee. O men.

2. O dearest Lord, Thy Sacred Hands      3. O dearest Lord, Thy Sacred Feet  
With nails were pierced for me:      With nails were pierced for me:  
O pour Thy blessing on my hands.      O send Thy blessing on my feet,  
That they may work for Thee.      That they may follow Thee.
4. O dearest Lord, Thy Sacred Heart  
With spear was pierced for me:  
O send Thy blessing on my heart,  
That I may live for Thee:

The words, by Father Andrew, are reprinted by the kind permission of A.R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd.



*Franklin Joiner, Priest.  
R.I.P.*



*Frederick Dunton Butler,  
Priest. R.I.P.*

the wheels of justice in this sad affair had never seen anything like it: a certified corpse, a repentant murderer, and as many eager witnesses as a judge would consent to hear were assembled in the tavern. From the look of it, everybody concerned had shown the police extraordinary consideration. In saying farewell to Blandy, let us observe how he and the police in general handled evidence. Blandy searched the prisoner directly after taking him into custody. Mr. Hackman's pocket contained two letters, which the constable, without ascertaining what was in them or to whom they were addressed, committed to Mr. Campbell for safekeeping. One was the letter to Mr. Booth. Later in the evening Mr. Booth read it, presumably at the Shakspeare Tavern. Mr. Booth, unless we have lost one, two, or three links somewhere, handed it to Mr. Bond. At the hearing it passed into the hands of William Halliburton, who displayed it at the trial. The other letter can scarcely have been anything but a farewell message to Miss Ray. The court, so far as we can judge, delicately refrained from inquiring about it.

The record gives no help to those who would like to know whether or not Blandy was reinforced or relieved. In any case, sometime after midnight Hackman left under police escort, and the tavern prepared for a vast increase of business.

As soon as the news was out, London had another sensation to enjoy. The press, though not yet in possession of its present resources, covered the case in remarkably vigorous fashion. Police reporting had already become a profession, and so apparently had the art of saying nice things about well-known people when they died, for the hand of the practised sentimentalist is evident in this fatuous lament, which *The Morning Post* printed on Friday, April 9th, in time for Martha's funeral:

All the world are acquainted with the universal sweetness of her vocal powers, but it was the peculiar pleasure of a few only to know that her conversation, her general deportment, all participated of an unparalleled delicacy, which had characterized her through life. She has had nine children by the noble lord, five of which are now living, who have been instructed by her with a strictness of motherly attention. Charity was eminently one of her virtues. In short, without any violation of the delicacy of the

present question, we may pronounce Miss Ray to have been a very amiable and valuable character; for the susceptible even among the most chaste, will scarce think one frailty an adequate counterpoise to so many good qualities, but, by placing that single failing to nature and her sex, must join in the general pity for the loss of so worthy and accomplished a woman.

Wide indeed was the range of sentiment in the verse that streamed from the pens of fascinated amateurs. One brief example seems to say that all was predetermined:

When HACKMAN rais'd the instrument of fate  
The stroke HE felt, and Pity wept too late;  
Rest happy both!—whose heavy doom was such,  
One dy'd too early, and one lov'd too much!

In the long poem *The Distracted Lover* Mr. Hackman is subjected to rougher treatment:

Go, hapless Pastor! choose some nobler aim;  
Think of the World's, thy Friends', thy Country's **claim!**  
Go—to thy *Flock*, Religion's charms display;  
Point out the road to Heav'n, and lead the way!

\* \* \* \* \*

But, whilst on life's extremest verge I stand,  
And hold the *deadly weapon* in my hand  
Perhaps MY RIVAL all your heart employs,  
Insults my fate, and riots in your joys!

\* \* \* \* \*

Vain are his hopes to triumph in thy charms—  
This slighted hand shall tear thee from his arms;  
Thou too shalt bleed at Love's insatiate shrine,  
And blend, at least in death, thy fate with mine.

Mr. Hackman, for all the sobs emitted by his fair admirers, was a criminal, and justice hurried him towards his punishment. There were many rumors and many opinions about Sir John Fielding, the magistrate who presided over the hearing conducted on Thursday to determine what was to be done with the shattered clergyman. Some people thought that Sir John had curbed the law-breakers of London, and others thought that he had encouraged them. Whatever the truth may be, he had exercised the magistrate's office in his own right since the death, twenty-five years



before, of his half-brother Henry, whom we remember as a novelist, and during the last few years of Henry's life John had been associated with him on the bench. Sir John would doubtless have spared Hackman, had that been possible, but the law gave him no choice. He sent the prisoner to Tothill Fields Bridewell to await the verdict of the coroner's jury.

All Londoners who had nothing better to do tried to get a look at Miss Ray before the undertaker took charge of her at five o'clock that afternoon. Among them was the Rev. Dr. Warner, who confesses his failure in a letter to George Selwyn. "I called today, in coming from Coutts's, at the Shakspeare Tavern," he recorded, while the pain of defeat was still fresh, "in order to see the corpse of Miss Ray, and to send you some account of it; but I had no interest with her keepers, and could not get admittance for money." Either Mr. Campbell was an uncommonly honest innkeeper or the police had surpassed themselves. We should, however, not overlook the possibility that Dr. Warner was turned away because he arrived during the inquest. The coroner required three hours for his business, and truly baffling business it was. What was the correct name for this unfortunate deed? Reluctantly the inquest produced an answer: What could the law call it but wilful murder? And with that the center of public interest shifted to the Old Bailey, where Mr. Hackman was soon to be tried. Sir John Fielding transferred him to Newgate and took almost excessive precautions against the suicide he suspected the prisoner of contemplating. A guard was assigned to the murderer's cell, and wherever the murderer went the guard, like a shadow, went with him.

Despite the relish with which it looked forward to Mr. Hackman's trial and execution, the public could spare a thought for Miss Ray, who was denied no honor that her inconsolable seducer could provide. It was not his fault that custom set bounds to the expression of his grief. Propriety excluded Martha from the family vault, and, all interests considered, a subdued funeral was desirable. Exactly a week after the murder the burial office was read over the late Miss Martha Ray, whose distinction in life was that she won out over the hazards of her position and retained possession of her noble lord in face of every challenge. She went to her final

rest—final in effect, if not strictly in fact—beneath the chancel of Elstree Church, in the neighborhood of St. Alban's. Her indoor grave was unburdened by monument and unmarked by inscription. In 1824 her remains were transferred to the churchyard, and the record made at that time was copied on the stone that since 1928 has marked the spot. We may dismiss as false the tradition that she lies in a church somewhere in the Covent Garden area (our informant only "thinks" so and cannot remember the name of the church), her coffin chained to Hackman's, and that in accordance with his express wish. Mr. Hackman had no such romantic end.

Back, then, to the prisoner, whose trial is set for the 16th, a Friday. He prepares for the ordeal with no expectation of being acquitted. His intelligence suffices for the recognition that the evidence is damning. Dr. Warner puts it bluntly: "He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday." When Mr. Hackman hears the name of his judge, he is sure of his doom. The redoubtable William Blackstone, having compiled the *Commentaries*, is proving that professors of law do not always make brilliant judges. If there is a loophole for Hackman, the unimaginative Blackstone will not help him find it. Strangely, Boswell will be warm in his approval of Blackstone's performance in the Hackman case. Others are less devoted to the illustrious jurist. Counsel shivers at the recollection of Sir William in the judge's seat, "cold, reserved, and wary—exhibiting a frigid pride." He is not to exhibit it much longer: next February he will leave this life, though not by way of the gallows. Sir John Fielding, too, is destined to survive only about a year. Let Mr. Hackman's admirers make what they will of these facts, which cannot become facts until we resume the use of the past tense. And now we had better finish the story quickly, for we know that the outcome is inevitable.

Ordinary felons were not, in 1779, legally entitled to be defended in court by counsel, nor did England grant them this fundamental right until several decades later. In Hackman's period justice operated on the theory that the judge was the prisoner's counsel. The accused looked principally to the bench for such protection as the law afforded him in the form of special pleas, rulings on the admissibility of evidence, and limits to be observed in the in-

terrogation of witnesses. Indifference on the judge's part to the prisoner's interests could be fatal. The rigor of this superficially harsh administration of justice was mitigated, one must recall, in a number of ways: the stand was closed to a person charged with murder, and thus one danger of self-incrimination was removed; the prosecutors were not under pressure, as their modern counterparts sometimes are, to overstate the Crown's case; and in practice judges commonly stretched to questions of fact the prisoner's acknowledged right to employ counsel in questions of law. Finally, appeals from sentences for felonies were extremely uncommon. Justice acted quickly. Murderers were normally executed on the second day after conviction, unless this day was Sunday, in which case they were held over until Monday. Dr. Warner's remark was an exact statement of the law.

No doubt Mr. Booth penetrated Newgate more than once to confer with Hackman and arranged for the legal services of Mr. Davenport and other members of the bar. At these meetings a line of defense was adopted, but Mr. Booth knew from the start that Hackman's prospect of escape from a conviction of murder, with consequent sentence of death, was slender. With no visible effect on the court, Mr. Davenport "maintained the shooting of Miss Ray to be unintentional," to quote Boswell. Benefit of clergy had been withdrawn in Tudor times from clerks who could be shown to have murdered with malice prepense, and it could not seriously be argued that Mr. Hackman's act lacked that essential of true murder. The fact that he had two pistols was enough for Dr. Johnson, and apparently it was enough for the jury, who shared Sir William Blackstone's opinion, echoed by Johnson, that Hackman's "being furnished with two pistols was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons." Johnson became furiously Johnsonian when Mr. Topham Beauclerk denied this, propounding the thesis "that every wise man who intended to shoot himself, took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once." Soon the company, still interested in the case, took up the question of "the violence of Hackman's temper." Here was the opening Johnson coveted. "It was his business to *command* his temper," exclaimed the man who was always right, "as my friend, Mr. Beauclerk, should have done some

time ago." As we should all do. As Mr. Hackman wished he had done. He wished it most of all when he realized that Mr. Booth was not to be at hand to aid him during the trial. Mr. Booth's nerves were failing him, and what could that mean but that, in his judgment, acquittal was out of the question?

With desperate vigor Mr. Hackman's prompters pressed the law as far as the law permitted itself to be pressed. They did it by the only means at their command, and, foreseeing that Mr. Hackman's survival would hang by this last, frail thread, they coached him for the role that nobody but the prisoner could play. As the trial approached its close with the case against him solidly proved, Hackman was invited to offer what defense he could. He was free to explain why, in his opinion, he should not suffer the prescribed penalty. Condemned criminals often reserved their most commendable sentiments and their choicest language for the address that customarily preceded the "turning off." Hackman wisely chose not to avail himself of this dramatic moment. There was a better time, and it had now presented itself. The speech he delivered was his own as to content, and his lawyers had reshaped it with a view to helping him gain all the clemency to which he had any shadow of right under law. He spoke his lines with gentlemanly frankness and felt that little depended on the effort:

I should not have troubled the court with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against me, had I not thought that the pleading guilty to the indictment gave an indication of condemning death not suitable to my present condition, and was in some measure, being accessary to a second peril of my life; and I likewise thought, that the justice of my country ought to be satisfied by suffering my offence to be proved, and the fact established by evidence.

I stand here this day the most wretched of human beings, and confess myself criminal in a high degree; yet while I acknowledge with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine til a momentary phrensy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I now deplore. The letter, which I meant for my



brother-in-law after my decease, will have its due weight as to this point with good men.

Before this dreadful act, I trust nothing will be found in the tenor of my life which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence and patience to the disposal and judgement of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this enquiry into my conduct and intention.

It was the "suicide note," if we may use the language of modern journalism, against the two pistols. The pistols were not completely convincing, but they were more convincing than the note. The court declined to entertain the suggestion that the accused had been of unsound mind for a few minutes late in the evening of April 7. With this, the defense was exhausted. Francis Maseres, Deputy Recorder of London, pronounced sentence of death. His "hum and ha" were intolerable to Boswell, who viewed the trial from the lawyers' table.

Mr. Hackman possessed, on Friday, April 16, a greater command over such feeble, irrational disappointment as could still trouble him than he had previously possessed over his temper. Two whole days and parts of two others elapsed between the sentence and its execution. The warden of Newgate, the "very obliging" Mr. Akerman, was as indulgent as he dared to be. Theoretically he had little discretion. The law prescribed hunger and solitude to aggravate the pain of waiting. At the same time, so long as Mr. Hackman showed up at Tyburn the following Monday, nobody was likely to take the warden to task for a harmless breach of cruel discipline. Mr. Hackman was still worried about his good name, and he needed the help of his loyal brother-in-law to retrieve it. He must surrender his life, but he might still salvage his character. The thought that had to be driven into the mind of the public was that Mr. Hackman had been the victim of an unlucky impulse. His appeal to Blackstone, the jury, and the world at large for understanding and pity was to be repeated, amplified, and denied in a succession of spirited pamphlets. There is a great deal of mystery about their authorship.

We do not propose to weary the reader with the involutions of this controversy. It enveloped the principals of the case in a fog of prejudice that no winds of science have been able to dissipate. Before the year was out at least four works concerned with the crime were obtainable in the metropolis: *The Life, Tryal, and Dying Words of the Rev. James Hackman; Reflections on the Death of Miss Martha Ray; by a Gentleman Who Was Accidentally Present at the Last Scene of Her Dreadful Murder; The Case and Memoirs of the Late Rev. Mr. James Hackman, and of His Acquaintance with the Late Miss Martha Reay; and The Case and Memoirs of Miss Martha Reay, to Which Are Added Remarks, by Way of Refutation, on the Case and Memoirs of the Rev. Mr. Hackman.* The third of these is the crucial one. Some think it is the work of Manasseh Dawes, and in any case it seems to represent Mr. Booth's views and to bear the impress of his emotions. He voiced in the press his resentment of the book itself, which was published without his express authorization and suffered from its neglect to make direct use of the documents in his custody, but with its exculpation of Hackman he could have no quarrel, and he may have contributed more information to it than he admits. For his wife's sake and out of simple affection for her unstable brother, he resolved that Hackman should be remembered for the love he had won and the courage he had evinced. To Mr. Booth's family pride we owe one form of the Hackman legend. In guessing how Hackman's relatives felt, the author does not err. He portrays the murderer as "soft and ductile in his temper, which he suited to the temper of others." A person of Hackman's "very amiable and fair character" might easily prove vulnerable to a woman of Martha Ray's experience. Anybody can see that this is exactly what has happened. The declaration "I hope either to die, or soon to be yours in marriage" shows him succumbing to irresistible passion, and once we realize how tortured he was, we cannot hold him altogether responsible for the horrible thing he did. He could not prevail over the ruinous insanity that afflicted him. In the end his will had nothing to do with the action of his muscles, and we may say that "his crime, therefore, is almost unparalleled; he has fallen a sacrifice to love and an unguarded moment, when reason

driven from his mind gave way to desperation, and madly forced him to a deed, which he not only deplored, but for which he has forfeited his life according to law." Prison revealed his true nature. Nobody knew so well as Mr. Booth that "during Mr. Hackman's confinement in Newgate, he was perfectly composed . . . By this manly and collected behaviour, impatient of death, composed and ready to meet it, but disturbed by nothing but a reflexion that a sister and mother were in misery, while he was happier than they long before had known him; he gave some relief to his relations and friends . . ." Thus murderers, by too much emphasis here and too little there, are invested with a strange lovability; and yet we cannot charge Hackman's devoted brother-in-law with any studied distortion of the truth or any high-handed departure from it. Hackman was weak, but not vicious. Concede that to Mr. Booth, and he has no more to say. Lord Sandwich was not fundamentally more severe. Mrs. Delany, an unwearied penwoman, sets down for us the peer's broad-minded judgment:

You have no doubt read and heard much of the shocking affair of Miss Ray for which the miserable wretch was executed yesterday; the horror he seemed to have of his guilt I hope was a sign of sincere penitence. He desired Lord Sandwich's pardon, without which he could not die in peace; Lord Sandwich sent him word as he "look'd upon his horrid action as an act of frenzy he forgave it, that he received the stroke as coming from Providence which he ought to submit to, but that he had robb'd him of *all comfort in this world.*"

Giardini, who had taken the earl's money for vocal instruction to Miss Ray, voiced a regret that Hackman had not elected to shoot Lord Sandwich, in which event the murderer "might have said with Othello, 'I have done the state some service.'" As it was, Hackman would have been sorry to know that he had accelerated the political decay of the man who had once been his host at Hinchinbroke. One heard the accusation that the earl had been running the Admiralty more with an eye to his own profit than for the good of the country. His enemies, assisted by the murder, whipped up the grumbling into a cry for his destruction. In a

poem dated April 9 he is depicted as a foul and friendless old wreck:

In the dark vale of age and vice, one *Ray*  
Still chear'd the gloom of Hinch'brook's closing day:  
Robb'd of that *Ray*, his last remains of light,  
Like Elymas he mourns in endless night.

Whoever he was, the Raphael who signed these lines spoke as an angel of vengeance rather than as an angel of healing. This was not the worst blow that Sandwich's opponents could deal him. The Earl of Bristol moved in the House of Lords that Sandwich be relieved of his office. Furious at the defeat of his motion, Bristol handed in a protest for the record. Sandwich justified himself on that occasion and successfully laughed off a determined assault. The date of this encounter is April 23. It had not taken Sandwich long to recover a certain degree of cheerfulness, but it took his enemies a great deal longer to get rid of him. Discredited and despised, he resigned in 1782. Once out, he stayed out.

Foresight of this decline did not trouble the Rev. James Hackman over the weekend. He read, wrote, said prayers of a sort, and hoped that he would not disgrace himself on the scaffold. Chaplain Villette's tactful attentions fortified him inexpressibly. The Methodists had exhorted him fruitlessly. Sunday, the worst day of the week in prison, broke, matured, and departed. The prisoner had a calm night. Not long past five he got out of bed. It was Monday, April 19, 1779, and before noon he would be dead. He had almost two hours to himself. The chaplain had promised to celebrate the Holy Communion at seven. The hour drew near, and the worshippers assembled. Who were they? We can identify three of the five. Villette stood at the holy table. Nearby knelt the priest who had never really been a priest. The third was the Reverend Doctor Charles Porter, the probable source of much information about Hackman's last days. Our guess is that two other persons were Mr. Davenport and Mr. Booth. The latter had been singularly hard to locate since the trial.

We trust that in the next hour some important things happened to Mr. Hackman. Sacramental confession was rare in those days, and our sources do not explicitly state that Mr. Hackman



made use of it. Shriven or unshriven, he still had time for the one essential interior act. At that last Holy Communion of his brief and careless life he found himself face to face with the Redeemer Whom he had served so badly. It is unbearable to think that he missed the moment of decision, when the guilty soul is invited to abandon remorse for contrition. Having deceived himself to his ruin, he learned at that late hour what it is to be completely honest.

So few were the communicants that the service came quickly to an end. It might be another hour before the sheriff's officers were ready to proceed with their work. Mr. Hackman and his companions prolonged their prayers to the utmost limit. Altogether, the amount of prayer offered that day would deserve to be called excessive, were it not that the occasion rendered no prayer superfluous. The clock crept to eight, then half past eight and beyond. Suddenly the word was given. The business of hanging Mr. Hackman would begin at once, if the gentlemen pleased. Out of the chapel and down the stairs they moved to the spot where one of the sheriff's officers stood with a bag in his hand. They could all see what was in it. It was Mr. Hackman's rope, his very own, and he would feel the weight of it on his arms and shoulders all the way to Tyburn. He stared at the thing, shuddered, and moaned, before he could stop himself, "Oh! The sight of this shocks me more than the thought of its intended operation." Weeping, he said good-by to two of his companions. Trained hands haltered the prisoner with a few deft turns of the long rope and led him out to the waiting coach.

At a signal they started off. The speed of the journey depended on the traffic, the weather, and the sheriff's impatience. Ordinarily the trip could be made in half an hour. Thousands turned out to watch the parade. The sheriff and his officers had covered the ground repeatedly. Both men and horses were familiar with the route. The beasts plodded along. Their masters gazed solemnly or sullenly ahead, according to the way they were feeling, and occasionally cursed the crowds that got in their way. Mr. Hackman could not see very much from where he sat in the depths of the coach. He probably never knew the composition of that orderly procession. First came the mounted city marshal, Mr. Miller, who

wore mourning garb. Behind the marshal a group of sheriff's officers and constables sat erect on their horses. Sheriff Kitchen and his assistant were accommodated in a carriage. Hackman was seated in the second vehicle, the mourning coach, his three attendants, Porter, Villette, and Mr. Brent, the sheriff's officer, tactfully curbing their tongues. A second party of officials concealed from the occupants of the coach the third conveyance, a cart draped in the color that has become the badge of clergymen and undertakers. Mr. Hackman heard this vehicle rumbling behind him, and he knew what it was for.

The place of execution was thronged. Some scattered reporters, scores of gossips and idlers from the upper classes, and hundreds of plain men and women silently watched Mr. Hackman step out of the coach and climb without delay into the cart. They gave him all the time he wanted: several minutes on his knees, a standing prayer of fifteen minutes' duration with Mr. Villette and Dr. Porter, and then, after a hurried clasp of hands, six or seven frightful minutes for the closing petition to God and the final protesting surrender to stifling darkness. The preliminaries were completed, and the hangman had no objection to standing there a little bit longer, if Mr. Hackman preferred it that way. He had made up his mind to get that beautiful silk handkerchief the instant Mr. Hackman let go of it to indicate that he would resist no more. Mr. Hackman nerved himself to give the irrevocable sign. He tried to do it and found he could not, and tried again, and it was done. His fingers relaxed. "There it goes," he thought, as the silk slipped out of his hand, "and in a moment there will be nothing under my feet." The handkerchief fluttered gently down and came to rest under the cart. A few ghastly seconds passed while the hangman darted forward and thrust the handkerchief into his pocket. The crowd stood tense until the cart drew off with a creak and a jerk. Mr. Hackman remained behind, in a necessarily fatal position. But for the slight awkwardness at the end, it would have been one of the smoothest hangings performed by Edward Dennis in fifteen years of familiarity with such matters.

We have now practically finished with Mr. Hackman, but some space will have to be given to Mr. James Boswell, whose

sufferings in this case are almost equal to Mr. Hackman's. Never had Dr. Johnson's shadow behaved with more characteristic vulgarity. The worst thing he did was to sidle up to the hangman and try to find out what had passed between Hackman and the priests who guided him out of this world. Had Mr. Dennis caught those murmured words? Even hangmen have their standards, and Mr. Dennis was not of a mind to spare the feelings of this impertinent busybody. "No," he replied with blunt contempt, "I thought it a point of ill manners to listen on such occasions." A craving to know all about Mr. Hackman was common at the time. With Boswell it was a fever, and for upwards of a week he had made a nuisance of himself by pursuing Mr. Booth and using all expedients to reach Mr. Hackman. It must have seemed to Boswell's cronies that he was obsessed with Mr. Hackman's predicament. With grave originality Boswell, by way of paying tribute to Hackman, maintained that he "should not be hanged, but blown from [the] mouth of [a] cannon, like the grenadiers in the East Indies. It is natural to destroy what you cannot have." After the trial he went to the club and experienced the enchantment of seeing himself treated as the leading authority on the case. Naturally, he could not keep away from the execution, and this was his undoing. The Malahide Castle papers have clarified what before was thick with doubt. Excluded from the mourning coach, in which he would assuredly have ridden if invited, Boswell "got along with Constable Webb; then with tall Cludd" and "saw the execution quite well." Moreover, he saw a rival journalist named George Steevens, who has given us some cause to suspect him of inventing a canard that became one of the enigmas of literary history and was not completely exposed until a few years ago. The pious Dr. Porter was quietly deprived of his prominence, and nosy Boswell was put in his place. *Lloyd's Evening Post*, *The Public Advertiser*, and *St. James's Chronicle* all stated or implied that Boswell had passed himself off as a clergyman and accompanied Mr. Hackman to the gallows. Not quite knowing how to cope with the mischievous jest, Boswell took his worries to Burke. Burke doubted whether an attempt at correction would improve matters. The newspapers, he warned, would merely retract the misstatement and

substitute something more damaging. Actually, the careless reporters had done Boswell a favor, which he had been too upset to recognize. He had been at Newgate and Tyburn, was it not so? "Why then," submitted Burke, "they only sent you in a coach. Besides, why be angry at their making you perform one of the most amiable Christian duties: to visit those in prison?" Dr. Johnson was less inclined to make light of the matter. Boswell wrote: "Dr. Johnson before dinner told me he was glad I was not in the coach with Hackman, and that it was right to contradict it, as people thought (and he thought) I had put the paragraph in myself." All in all, Mr. Hackman's precipitate crime was visited more on his kin and acquaintance than on the perpetrator himself.

The suspension of Mr. Hackman lasted until the officials in charge were reasonably sure that he had, to the ultimate grim degree, met the requirements of justice. Now no longer equal—if indeed he ever had been—to the clerical duties he had so recently assumed and so conspicuously neglected to perform, he was nevertheless still capable of serving another profession. As a fresh cadaver, he could count on a glad welcome at Surgeons' Hall, to which he was conveyed by the earliest available transport. If the surviving part of Mr. Hackman lingered to watch what was happening to his undisciplined flesh, there must have been deep consolation in the thought that finally one element of his unhappy being had found a purpose and a use.



# Seminary News

## FATHER MOUNT

Father Mount, who left us just before Christmas to become the Rector of St. Barnabas' Church, Sykesville, Maryland writes the following:

"Don't let anybody persuade you to make a move in Christmas-tide! What with the confusions of services, Private Communion, meetings, calls on the sick, and trying to deal with a house full of misplaced furniture. At any rate, we survived.

"Statistically, my job here is to be pastor to a flock of less than a hundred communicants scattered over a hundred square mile area, mostly open country. I am also the Episcopal Chaplain to a state mental hospital of 3200 patients. In this tremendous parish there are many new developments, and nobody seems to have much idea as to how many people are moving into the region yearly. It includes parts of three counties.

"Men who have cut their teeth on the Sykesville Parish include two bishops and three priests who are still in the diocese. Average tenures have been very short, and there have been several years when there were no confirmations. Twice laymen presented classes to the Bishop.

"To my surprise I found the parish accustomed to a late Mass every other Sunday, and the Sacrament reserved. The day I 'took over' we began the Daily Offices at 7:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. Though the Service Register reveals no Holy Day services the notice board announces that there is one at 9 a.m., so one there shall be. There is a core of devoted people, so I am sure the growth of the worshipping community will be steady though slow. All of this is unusual for a Maryland country parish. Much more so was the greeting: 'We're glad for two reasons to have you as our Rector—one, that you're fifty and won't be interested in all these new-fangled ideas the young men have.'!!! It was fun to deal with that one!

"There is a good Sunday School of about fifty children and eight enthusiastic adults. One Vice-Principal of a local school is using Seabury with the Junior Highs! There is every reason to believe that the school can and will grow.

"The new rectory is a joy, and only this week has the work on the study settled down so that I can work in it.

"This could go on and on, but I hope it's enough to indicate that both place and job are interesting and hold promise of hard work and more than a little satisfaction."

### FATHER WILLIAMS

On February 15, 1961 Father Williams ceased to be Associate Professor of Old Testament and became Rector of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, New York. He leaves with regret, and we are exceedingly sorry to see him go, for he is a fine Christian person, a splendid priest, and an entertaining and interesting teacher. The reason for his resignation is his daughter's health, which makes it impossible for the family to live in the Nashotah climate.

The Old Testament courses scheduled for the second semester will be taught partly by the Dean and partly by The Rev. Harris C. Mooney, one of the Dean's prize pupils at Seabury-Western. Father Mooney has just been named "Young Man of the Year" in Kewanee, Illinois, where he is the energetic rector of St. John's Church. We feel that his combination of godliness, charm, scholarship and pastoral skill will be very good for us.

### FATHER JACOBS

The Very Rev. Edward Jacobs, Dean of All Saints Cathedral, Milwaukee, joins the Nashotah Faculty for the second semester as a visiting lecturer in Pastoral Theology. Dean Jacobs, a 1945 graduate of The House, has served as a missionary in the Philippine Islands and has served several parishes in the Dioceses of

Southern Ohio and Milwaukee before becoming Dean of the Cathedral. Dean Jacobs is lecturing on "The Priest as Pastor and Counsellor."

## HOUSE PREACHERS

Continuing the tradition at the House the faculty and students will have as their guest preachers some of the Church's outstanding Bishops and priests. During the second semester our guests will be:

The Rev. J. G. Jones, Executive Director, St. Leonard's House, Chicago; January 26.

The Rev. H. R. Coykendall, Rector, Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; February 2.

The Rev. Dr. C. J. deCatanzaro, Professor of Old Testament, Seabury-Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill.; February 9.

The Rev. L. L. Zavadil, Rector, Trinity Church, Rock Island, Ill.; April 6.

The Rev. Canon A. J. duBois, Executive Director of the American Church Union, Inc., New York; April 13.

The Rev. J. W. Montgomery, Rector, St. John the Evangelist, Flossmoor, Ill.; April 20.

The Rt. Rev. William H. Brady, Bishop of Fond du Lac; April 27.

The Very Rev. John Gulick, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac; April 27.

## COMMENCEMENT 1961

May we bring to your attention the commencement program as follows:

- (1) A series of lectures by the Bishop of Montana, The Rt. Rev. Chandler Sterling, to be given the Tuesday before

Commencement (May 23, 2 and 3:30 p.m.) on the subject "The Catholic Faith in Marginal America—Then and Now."

- (2) The Commencement sermon (May 25, 10:30 a.m.) by the Bishop of Indianapolis, The Rt. Rev. John Craine.
- (3) The alumni meeting (May 24, 10:30 a.m.) especially to be noted, as the forthcoming financial campaign will be presented. Every House graduate is encouraged to attend.

The summer issue will contain a notice of each graduate and the work to which he has been assigned. Those who will be graduated this May are: Charles E. Bartholomew, Lawrence N. Crumb, Fred Johnson, Charles C. Lynch, Donald G. Shissler, T. David Wallsteadt, Gordon E. Warden, and William C. Zeferjahn.

### WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS MEMORIAL FUND

The late Burr W. Phillips, Professor of the Teaching of History at the University of Wisconsin, was a great friend of Nashotah House for many years. His great avocation was the recruitment of men for the Priesthood, and many of his "boys" from Madison took their work here.

His friends would like to establish a Memorial Scholarship in his name, to be used by men from St. Francis' House, the Episcopal Student Center on the Wisconsin Campus. The scholarships would be awarded by St. Francis' House to men from the University of Wisconsin who enter training for the Episcopal Priesthood.

Friends of the late Professor Phillips and others who are interested in such a project are invited to participate. Checks should be made payable to St. Francis' House, Madison, Wisconsin, and should be sent to Arthur W. Gosling, Chairman, Scholarship Committee, 1077 Emma Avenue, Akron 2, Ohio.



## THE ANGLICAN SEMINARY CONFERENCE

Two students from Nashotah were among the seventy-one seminarians attending the annual Anglican Seminary Movement (ASM) conference, held at the Anglican Theological college of British Columbia, December 29, 30, and 31, 1960. Representing the House were junior Bruce Johnson and middler Peter Hallock.

The theme of the conference was "The Mission of the Church". As has been the custom in times past, three leading Church figures were chosen to speak. The Most Rev. H. H. Clark, Primate of all Canada, delivered two addresses on "The Mission of the Church in North America." The Rt. Rev. R. S. Dean, Bishop of the Diocese spoke on "The Biblical Background of Missions". Last of all, the Rt. Rev. Stephen Neill, general editor of World Christian Books, presented his topic, "The Mission of the Church in the World".

Twenty of the twenty-seven member schools of the ASM were represented at the conference. One afternoon of the conference was given over to a tour of that most beautiful city of Vancouver in which the host college is located. Coming out of the sessions, besides the many inspiring and enlightening insights from the speakers, was a proposal that each representative take back to his seminary for discussion the idea of a partial or possible total pooling of the missionary giving of each member, to be used for a united project.

The 1961 conference is to be held at the Episcopal Theological School of the Southwest in Austin, Texas. Tentatively selected as the site of the 1962 meeting is the Philadelphia Divinity School. Nashotah, some may remember, was the host to this conference last year.

## SUMMER GRADUATE SCHOOL

In the summer of 1960 Nashotah House instituted a graduate summer program for clergy. The venture was highly successful, and the summer school will be held again in 1961 and presumably

every year thereafter. Some of our students are doing supplementary work during the winter and making progress towards the S.T.M. Others are accumulating credits here for use elsewhere. Still others come simply for the lectures, the scenery, and the recreation.

The following courses are being offered during the summer of 1961:

"The Intertestamental Literature," The Rev. Vincent F. Pottle, S.T.D.

"Studies in the History of the American Episcopal Church," The Rev. Canon George E. DeMille, M.A.

"The Christian Person," The Rev. Arthur A. Vogel, Ph.D.

"Priest, Parish and Community," The Rev. Canon Frank V. H. Carthy, B.D.

### LENTEN SERMONS

The Lenten sermons this year are being given by Father Jacoby. The first sermon, scheduled for Ash Wednesday, will have for its subject, "A Profitable Lent". The general title for the four Thursday night sermons is "Our Lord Went about Teaching", with specific topics as follows: "Our Lord Teaches the Apostles"; "Our Lord Teaches the Multitudes"; "Our Lord Teaches Individuals" and the final one, "Our Lord Teaches the Two Disciples on the Road to Emmaus".

### MAINTENANCE PROBLEMS

During the last 18 months and particularly in the latter half of that period, most of the buildings on the campus have been thoroughly repaired and in some cases necessary, but expensive, renovations have been made. To cite but two examples we have installed new refrigerating and cooling equipment and a small rest room in Shelton Hall, and a guest room—obviously indispensable—

has been added to Father Vogel's house. Next summer we shall have to repave the roads—an operation that will cost at least \$3,000. It goes on and on, and this is one of the reasons why we plead for a much larger theological education offering, as well as generous special gifts.

## THE NATIONAL COUNCIL VISIT

On the 30th and 31st of January, Nashotah was host to the officers of the National Council, who visited us on behalf of that Council to acquaint us with the work therein accomplished. This was a part of the program undertaken by the officers, to visit each seminary once every three years and to make familiar to the seminarians the work of the national Church and how it is performed.

Each day began with the customary House Eucharist, celebrated the first day by the Presiding Bishop, The Most Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, and the second day by the Rt. Rev. Daniel Corrigan, 1925 graduate of the House and Director of the Home Department. Three lecture sessions were held each morning with a short discussion period following each, and two such sessions in the afternoon. The first morning those speaking were the Presiding Bishop and Bishop Corrigan. The afternoon of the first day was given over to lectures by Mr. Warren H. Turner, Jr., Executive Vice-president of the National Council, and the Rt. Rev. John B. Bentley, Director of the Overseas Department. The Presiding Bishop preached at Evensong that evening.

On the second morning the students and faculty were addressed by The Rev. Canon Almon R. Pepper, Director of the Department of Christian Social Relations, and also a House graduate; Mr. Lindley M. Franklin, Jr., Treasurer of the National Council; and The Rev. David R. Hunter, Director of Christian Education. The afternoon speakers were Miss Frances Young, Director of the General Division of Women's Work; Canon Harper, the Executive Director of the General Division of Laymen's Work; and Mr. John W. Reinhardt, Director of the Department of Promotion.

The wives were present at the behest of the Presiding Bishop at the first session (with baby-sitters being provided) and Even-song, and were encouraged to attend as much else of the program as possible.

On the evening of the first day the officers were the guests of the Dean and Faculty at dinner. Otherwise, they dined with the students and entered into the life of the community as much as time permitted.

From Mr. Reinhardt come these statements regarding the feelings of the officers of the National Council after visiting with us for these two days: "We all appreciate deeply being so much a part of the worship and life of the community. We are also deeply appreciative of the quality of the response of the students as seen in their thoughtful questions. We hope that the students will feel this has been time well spent and we thank the faculty for their active participation and the hospitality of the Dean, the faculty and the entire student body."

And from our Dean: "Rarely have I seen theological students so interested in a long and searching discussion. The National Council officers have done us an invaluable service."

## AROUND THE HOUSE

Skating on the lake has been exceptionally fine this year. Leo, our keeper of buildings and grounds, has been clearing the ice of all snow, and many have taken advantage of the opportunity to relax and exercise. No injuries reported to date.

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On Thursday, January 5, wives of the faculty and students were invited to the refectory for our annual Epiphany family night dinner. The following Saturday afternoon the Epiphany party, planned by the wives, was held for the children in the gymnasium. Each child received a present and participated in the various games and entertainment.



Because of the plethora of work required on the grounds of the House, and the paucity of funds with which to do the same, there has been instituted this year a system by which each student will contribute eight hours of his time in the course of the year to the beautifying of our environs. Such work will be under the direction of the superintendent of buildings and grounds.

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On December 18, 1960, Father Jacoby, registrar, organist, expert in homiletics, prayer book, music, bon vivant, etc. celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Sacred Priesthood. A scroll commemorating the event was presented to Father Jacoby on behalf of the faculty and students on the occasion of the family dinner, January 5.

## Alumni News

We have no alumni news for this issue . . . we depend on YOU to furnish the material for this department. Send all items to the Editor.

# Obituary Notices

## FREDERICK DUNTON BUTLER

After a long illness, the Rev. Canon Frederick Dunton Butler, D.D., died in the early hours of Sunday, October 16, 1960, at his home in Green Lake, Wisconsin. He is survived by his wife, Marie (Nelson) Butler, a married son, Frederick, Jr., a married daughter, Elizabeth, and several grandchildren.

Father Butler graduated from Nashotah House in 1908. He served as Rector of St. Matthias' Church, Waukesha 1908-1914; Grace Church, Freeport, Ill. 1914-1917; St. Paul's Church, Alton, Ill. 1917-1925. In 1925 Father Butler became Rector of St. John the Evangelist Church, St. Paul, Minnesota. He came to Grace Church, Madison in 1933. In the same year he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Nashotah House, of which he was for many years a Trustee.

Leaving Madison in 1941 Father Butler became Rector of St. Peter's Church, Ripon, Diocese of Fond du Lac, where he remained until his retirement in 1952. In that year he was created an Honorary Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral for life by Bishop Sturtevant. Canon Butler was often a deputy to General Convention, and from 1945 to the time of his death was president of the Standing Committee of the Diocese. For several years he had celebrated regularly at the Sisters' summer convent at Green Lake.

The Funeral Mass was sung by Bishop Brady in St. Peter's Church, Ripon, assisted by the diocesan clergy and visiting clergy of distinction. The church and hall were more than filled with the Sisters of the Holy Nativity, devoted family and friends. Burial was in Union Cemetery, Ripon.

## FRANKLIN JOINER

Father Joiner, an alumnus with an unusual parochial record, departed this life three days after attaining the age of 73. Upon being graduated from the House in 1918 he spent some time at Holy Cross Monastery, but by autumn of that year was a curate on the staff of S. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, and this was his home through all of his parochial priesthood. The rector, the Reverend Charles S. Hutchinson, resigned in 1920 to become dean of the Milwaukee Cathedral, and the young Father Joiner was elected rector. He often commented that in all his life he lived in only two houses,—his family home in Belvidere, N. J., in which he grew up, and S. Clement's Clergy House.

He inherited a large and very active parish which included some wealthy people and many exceedingly poor people who lived within walking distance of their parish-church. The development of the center-city, and especially the razing of dozens of squares of small houses to make place for the handsome Benjamin Franklin Parkway, decimated the congregation. Many transferred to other parishes, and the changed area no longer furnished potential members. The new rector witnessed this sad change and bravely bore the parochial frustration that accompanied it. A loyal nucleus remained parishioners. Under Father Joiner's leadership and strengthened by his patently Catholic teaching and inspired preaching S. Clement's maintained its position as a stalwart center of Catholic devotion, and on this basis has attracted new members from all points of the diocese and beyond it. Under his direction the liturgy was offered with impeccable propriety, high standards of music were championed, and great preachers of both England and America were frequent guests in the pulpit. The holding of many retreats and quiet days always has been a feature of the parish with the result of a considerable degree of piety and frequent use of the confessional.

Further beautification of the church is lasting testimonial of Father Joiner's deep love for his parish. The erection of the large and dignified Shrine of Our Lady of Clemency, the statue of S. Clement, the polychroming of the sanctuary, pulpit and stations,



and installation of new windows that are among the finest in the country will speak for many decades of the late rector's sense of ecclesiastical decorum.

His name is affectionately tied with the Guild of All Souls, of which he was Superior General for thirty-three years. He was active in all projects for the furthering of the cause of Catholic Evangelism—the Catholic Congresses, the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the encouragement of vocations to the religious life, the Society of Mary. He was an indefatigable traveler, visited all the holy places of Europe and the near-East, and preached in England at many festivals of Catholic character.

Upon his retirement in the autumn of 1955 he went to Europe, expecting to live there the remainder of his life. A stroke in Switzerland two years later changed his plans, and in Lent of 1958 he returned to Philadelphia. After brief hospitalization, he moved to Druim Moir, a home for retired clergy in Chestnut Hill. Until two weeks prior to his death, he was up and about and able to enjoy recreation. On his weekly trip to center-city he stopped at his beloved S. Clement's for an hour or more of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. He was a great priest whose mark always will be upon this parish-church. He served several years as Trustee of Nashotah House, and on the Standing Committee of the Diocese for twenty-six years,—fifteen of which he was its president.

Solemn Vespers of the Dead were sung at S. Clement's on the night of All Souls' Day, and the following morning the Solemn Requiem Mass was offered. The Bishop of Pennsylvania presided at the throne and conducted the Absolutions over the bier. Father Joiner was buried in his family lot at Belvidere.

May he rest in peace.

## WESTON HENRY GILLETT

The Rev. Weston H. Gillett died in Genoa, Italy, on October 21, 1960, at the age of 64. Father Gillett, a native of Olean, New York, was graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology in

1919 with a Bachelor of Science degree. He worked as a Chemical Engineer for the Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, later the Charle-roi, Pennsylvania, Division of the Corning Glass Works from 1919 to 1943. In 1943, he resigned his position as Plant Chemist and entered Nashotah House Seminary. He received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from Nashotah in 1946 and the Doctor of Divinity degree in 1956.

Father Gillett was made a deacon in January 1946 and ordained priest in January 1947 by the late Bishop Stevens of Los Angeles. His ministry was spent almost entirely at the Church of the Advent of Christ the King, San Francisco, as assistant priest from 1947-1949 and as Rector from 1949-1957. He resigned his post in November, 1957. With the exception of a year spent at St. Luke's, Gresham, Oregon, as assistant, Father Gillett was abroad.

Father Gillett was a staunch Anglo-Catholic and a devoted parish priest. His great love was Nashotah House and in accordance with his wishes he is buried there.

### FRANCIS J. BLOODGOOD

The Rev. Francis J. Bloodgood, Sr., 62, died in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Saturday, January 14, of a heart attack. Funeral services were held in Tulsa. He was the father of the late Joseph W. Bloodgood, former Dane County district attorney and family court judge.

Father Bloodgood was rector of St. Andrew's, Madison, Wisconsin from 1925 to 1944, when he went to Palestine as representative of the Episcopal Church. He returned in 1946 and became chaplain and director of the Christian Foundation for the Holy Land. In 1950 he was named associate rector of Trinity Church, Tulsa.

He was buried in the Nashotah House cemetery.

## CHARLES EDWARD HUNTINGTON

The Rev. Charles Edward Huntington, who had spent most of his life serving the sick, died at St. Mary's Hospital June 1st, 1960. He was 83.

The Rev. Fr. Huntington had served as chaplain at St. Luke's in the Desert, Tuscon, Arizona, from 1929 until he retired in 1948. Even after retirement he kept busy with duties at the sanatorium and the Episcopal Churches there.

He came to Arizona from Burlington, Wisconsin in 1926 and was a missionary in the Ray and Hayden mining districts for three years before coming to Tucson.

The Rev. Fr. Huntington was born in Athol, Massachusetts and received his early education at Salem. He received his theological training at Nashotah House and was ordained a priest May 20, 1909 by the Rt. Rev. R. H. Weller, then Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

From then until he went to Arizona he served churches at Medford, Abbotsford and Westboro, St. Peter's in West Allis and St. John's in Burlington.

From 1919 to 1926 he was editor of the Living Church Annual.

